THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 5, 1959 . . 25c

ANTI-LABOR DAY: 1959

B. J. Widick

POISONING THE SAHARA

Ira V. Morris

DECADE OF THE EX-REDS

Sidney Lens

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LETTERS

Mr. Nixon's 'Spontaneous' Welcome Home

Dear Sirs: Apropos of your editorial "President Nixon?" in the August 15 issue, I have come across a curious tale that helps explain what a redoubtable gent Mr. Nixon is.

The great hoop-la attending the Vice President's recent Polish tour made much of the contrast between the spontaneous welcome accorded him and the frosty and arranged welcome accorded Mr. Khrushchev on his visit to Poland the month previous. This brought to mind the spontaneous welcome Washington, D.C., students gave the Vice President on his return from the South American fiasco. It wasn't until just this week that I learned from a man who was at National Airport that day just what really went on. My informant was attached to a university public-relations office at the time and was in a position to see it all. His story goes like this:

Word came that students at his university were going to the airport to meet Nixon — as a fitting rejoinder to the spit with which South American students had greeted the Vice President. Hoping to get the greatest publicity value out of the demonstration for his university, the public-relations man injected himself into the center of the activity. Almost at once he saw symptoms of a master hand at work.

Buses appeared to take the students out to the airport. They converged on the Jefferson Memorial with two dozen other buses — and lo! — the other buses carried students from the University of Maryland, Catholic University, George Washington, American University, and Georgetown University. A police escort then emerged. Park police, capital police, metropolitan police — all sorts of police — led the procession across the 14th Street Bridge and out Mt. Vernon Pike to the airport. When the students got there, professional-looking "welcome home Dick" signs appeared. They were not spur-of-the-moment signs.

The public-relations man smelled a rat. He asked a few of the student leaders who was behind the demonstration. They admitted, when pressed, that the State Department had called them to suggest that they meet the Vice President. Who was paying for the buses? The students didn't know. And the signs? They just appeared, as if by magic.

I don't know whether it was the State Department, the GOP or one of Nixon's friends who picked up the tab. In any case, the United States is in no position to chide Russia (or Cuba) for "rigging" demonstrations in behalf of public figures. Remember that "spontaneous" demonstration which once made Willkie a candidate for the Presidency?

EDWARD ZIEGLER

New York City

Of 'Time' and Fiction

Dear Sirs: Cheers for your timely story on "Time: the Weekly Fiction Magazine," in your August 15 issue: Jigs Gardner struck with all the clarity of a mantelpiece time-teller.

A. L. HARRISON

Washington, D.C.

Smearing the Canvas

Dear Sirs: As a member of the committee of selection for the art exhibition in Moscow, may I congratulate you on publishing Wade Thompson's hilarious dialogue with Representative Walter [*The Nation*, August 1]. It demonstrates the mental confusion that underlies the attacks on the exhibition made by certain politicians, by a large part of the press, and by ultra-conservative artists who, having been recipients of most governmental commissions, have a vested interest in maintaining their monopoly, and who have instigated the current attacks.

The best corrective to such attacks is the simple proposition that it is the work of art, not the artist, which is being exhibited; and the work of art must be judged on its merits. Let us hope that this common-sense policy may become officially adopted, so that future controversies (which are inevitable) can be argued on the basis of artistic merit, and not on whether artist X allowed the *New Masses* to publish a drawing in 1933.

LLOYD GOODRICH
Director, Whitney Museum

New York City

McCarthyism at Montana?

Dear Sirs: This concerns the smear on me in *The Nation* of August 15. [In an editorial entitled "Belated Smear," in that issue, Mr. Bowen is mentioned as the author of a dossier on Leslie Fiedler, the distinguished member of Montana State University's English Department. The purport of the editorial was that it was Mr. Fiedler who was "smeared." — Editors.] What you should know about your facts is that they are in some instances utterly untrue, and in others near perversions of the truth. As for my ambition, as you style it, the implication of McCarthyism is an old one at Montana, where all enemies of the Fiedler falange are, it appears, equally McCarthyites, anti-Semites and insane.

In the face of such lucid, liberal judgment, I will not generalize farther than to deny your implied charge. . . .

ROBERT O. BOWEN
University of Washington

Seattle, Wash.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Risks of Leadership

The President has departed on what may well be the most important mission of his life. It is impossible to question the sincerity of his purpose or the determination with which he has set forth on this "mission for peace." For a young man, the mission would be grueling enough; for the President, it must represent the cruelest of ordeals.

Mr. Eisenhower has been widely criticized for spending too much time on the golf links, for leaning too heavily on his advisers, for not showing Presidential initiative; in short, for not having what might be called a Presidential mentality. In all these indictments, and in the corollaries which flow from them, there is considerable truth. But whatever may have been wrong with him, and whatever errors and deficiencies may be his future lot, there is also something very wrong with his detractors — specifically with the publicity media which watch his every move and conjecture on his every motive. By deciding to exchange visits with Mr. Khrushchev, he shook off the Dulles incubus (which Dulles himself was trying to escape toward the end); he was finally exercising the prerogatives of leadership, and taking its risks. Did he get a good press? Far from it; the mood might be described as one of reluctant acquiescence.

A strange pessimism pervades the traditional land of optimism. It is compounded of economic fears, the sordid political claptrap of Congressmen wooing the votes of hyphenated Americans, the conjurations of aging labor leaders, and much else that fails to jibe with the country's proud image of itself. The President has received little of the encouragement which is his due when he acts with sanity, resolution and courage.

Yet he has support, unorganized, inarticulate, but not to be ignored in the long run, because it happens to come from the people who elected him and who will elect the next President. Mr. Eisenhower has had his share of bogus publicity, but his reputation as a mediator and conciliator is deserved. To the average American he is the image of the moderate man, the more so because he is the rare professional soldier who can be relied on to do nothing reckless in a tight and dangerous international situation. This average American, even before the President invited Mr. Khrushchev, was on the whole in favor of the move: a July Gallup poll gave a 50 per cent vote in favor, 36 per cent opposed. With this much support, the President can afford to continue to speak his own mind and formulate his own policies. He need not give too much thought to the syndicated doubts of his predecessor in office, nor to display advertisements of organizations which have completely reversed their views of a decade and a half ago. Most of us wish him luck. He will need it, and so will we.

Candidates and Issues

These are issues which cannot be avoided even by lowly politicians interested only in re-election, and much less so by men who accept a share of responsibility for their country's welfare. Thus, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said editorially on August 4, "the need to face realities in world affairs transcends party lines." This is something quite different from the bipartisanship which has been piously urged on Americans in foreign affairs, and which is based on the postulate that we are always right and, what is even more preposterous, that we have the power to enforce our views on the whole world. Neither being true, the facts obtrude themselves on members of both parties. Some try to deal with them rationally, while others seem to be unable to shake off policies which have already gone down to defeat. Dean Acheson is an example of a sapient and moral individual who just can't accept the fact that his policies as Secretary of State were mostly wrong in their heyday and, in the context of present events, border on the absurd. In contrast, Senator Humphrey telephoned Mr. Nixon to congratulate him on his *volte face* in Moscow (Mr. Nixon has since swung back about forty-five degrees), while Senator Kefauver forwarded to the President an eloquent prayer received from a constituent for Mr. Eisenhower's success in Europe. The issues of war and peace simply cannot be evaded. Mr. Eisenhower himself summed it up better than many a literary figure has been able to do it: "We are talking about the human race, and what's going to happen to it." All the Presidential candidates would do well to repeat these words as they greet the morning beam and again as they lay themselves down to dream.

SEP 4 '59

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Dunce's Cap

With rare exceptions, the politician who addresses a national convention of the American Legion acts as though he were wearing a dunce's cap. Speaking to the annual Legion convention at Minneapolis last week, Vice President Nixon automatically assumed the role of the political moron, presumably on the theory — probably correct — that his audience preferred it that way. Mr. Nixon resorted to the sure-fire technique of commiseration with the captive peoples of Eastern Europe and assurances that we would never, never abandon them. True, he hastened to add that we would not help them, either, since "a so-called war of liberation would liberate only dead bodies and ruined cities." But what he said boiled down to this: that if the captives cared to pit Molotov cocktails of their own making against Soviet tanks, we would send Leo Cherne to cheer them on from some neighboring country.

This went over big with the delegates, who were later to cheer proposals to investigate the American Civil Liberties Union and the Fund for the Republic, to take the United States out of UNESCO, and to place the Supreme Court of the United States under close surveillance. Politicians are, of course, supposed to please a majority of the people at least part of the time, including a majority of every audience they address. But addressing the jaded supernumeraries who show up nowadays at Legion conventions on the assumption that they represent anything or any body of opinion more substantial than those present, has become, we suspect, politically hazardous. To induce Legion delegates to cheer, a speaker must make the nation groan.

Sense and Nonsense About Space

The title has been taken from Dr. Lee A. DuBridge's article in the August *Harper*'s, which everyone concerned with the problems of interplanetary travel should read. Dr. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, is all for the space adventure but, unlike most of the journalists who have invaded the field, he does not gloss over the immense engineering difficulties. For example, a man with the necessary supplies and instruments might be packed into a vehicle with a total weight of 2,000 pounds. A rocket with a thrust of 300,000 pounds could project such a vehicle into a near-moon orbit. Fine — an Atlas will do it. But then it develops that to make a soft landing on the moon will require at least two pounds of fuel for each pound of the original payload: we now need a rocket with a thrust of 2,700,000 pounds. The man, or men, however, won't want to stay on the moon: therefore figure on five million pounds thrust.

These sober considerations are in marked contrast to the casuistry of the Air and Army generals now contending for appropriations. The Air Force argues that since its mission is to operate in the atmosphere, the air space above the atmosphere belongs to it by simple extension. The Army director of guided missiles counters that with "our long experience in seizing and holding land and defending land areas, this capability will unquestionably have its application on other land areas not on earth." It will be some time before either of them gets anybody up there. In the meantime, let's get back to earth, boys.

Uses of Villainy

It would be difficult to imagine three less likely nominees for labor canonization than John Llewellyn Lewis, Harry Renton Bridges and James Riddle Hoffa. All three are strong-willed, hard-bitten men of whom none is known for tact, delicacy of perception or lofty idealism. Yet the first two have proved to be immensely effective labor leaders, and the third may end up in the same category. Should this happen, Hoffa will owe a vote of thanks to the editors of *Time,* to the American press generally and to Senator McClellan (and the Senator's staff) for having elected to make him the prime target of the current anti-labor drive. This drive bids fair (see article by B. J. Widick, p. 103, this issue) to succeed "anti-communism" as the major demagoguery of the 1960s.

Lewis was once such a target; for years on end the press attacked him as the arch villain of American labor. On one occasion Franklin D. Roosevelt denounced him as a "traitor." Yet Lewis' position in the American labor movement could not be more secure than it is today. Knowing well the uses of villainy, he not merely suffered the earlier attacks with good grace; he even encouraged them. For three decades Harry Bridges has been denounced by virtually the entire American press as a "treasonable," sinister, conspiratorial figure; indeed, Bridges, with his long nose, succeeded Lewis, with his bushy eyebrows, in the star role of labor villain. Government agencies hounded him; he was investigated and reinvestigated; lawyers grew rich defending him. But he survived and his union flourished.

Currently Hoffa is the chief beneficiary of this same insistent, tiresome, promiscuous vilification. It has enabled him to survive scandals, exposures, prosecutions, court actions and skillful attempts to subvert his leadership. And it is difficult to see how his position can be challenged as long as he is the fortunate victim of such "colorful" journalism as the lurid cover and still more lurid article devoted to him in *Time* (August 31). As though attempting to substantiate the thesis of Jigs Gardner's recent *Nation* article (August 15), *Time's* gifted melodramatists of the news turned in one of their fanciest performances in this effort:

"This ain't my kind of place," growled Teamster Boss

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James Riddle Hoffa. His cold, hard eyes swept across the well-groomed grounds of the Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. He spat on the lawn. "We are paying the bill," he said, "but those intellectuals, those lawyers, picked out this place. This is their kind of place. They like to play golf and that stuff."

It is ironic that a man should be sustained in power by his enemies, but it is still more ironic that his enemies should enable him to turn even their victories to his account and advantage. For the ultimate irony, of course, is that the harsh labor bill now being shaped in Congress will in all probability have fewer adverse effects on the Teamsters than on any other significant segment of American labor. Unions that adhere to the letter of the law will be penalized by the new legislation, but unions that are not averse to the use of extra-legal pressures or which — as in the case of the Teamsters — are so powerfully situated that they do not need to use such crude forms of pressure as picketing, will not suffer similar consequences. As long as Hoffa's hand is upheld by the enemies who beset him, his future looks bright.

Return of the Black Sheep

Closely related to the uses of villainy is the folly of disowning black sheep. After six years of impenitent exile, the International Longshoremen's Association — the first union in three-quarters of a century to be expelled from either labor federation on charges of domination by corrupt elements — is being received back into the folds of the AFL-CIO. *The Nation* has consistently questioned both the wisdom and the efficacy of expulsion as a remedy for dealing with corrupt trade unions. Some of our readers did not share these views and have condemned us roundly for them. But today, reports A. H. Raskin in *The New York Times*, there is "a growing disenchantment within the federation on the efficacy of expulsion as a means of compelling unions to adhere to high moral standards"; federation officials, he reports, feel that the time has come to acknowledge that labor should "not disown its black sheep by driving them out of the fold."

The events of the last six years lend strong support to this conclusion. Messrs. Landrum and Griffin were not moved by the expulsion of the I.L.A. Quite the contrary, its guilt was attributed to the entire labor movement — a predictable consequence of expulsion. Nor did expulsion really result in a "clean up"; the latest report of the New York Waterfront Commission strongly indicates that hoodlums are still a power in the union. The I.L.A. returns to the fold a stronger body than when it was expelled; during the years of exile it had to fight its own battles. This added strength is a by-product of expulsion in another way, too: having expelled the Longshoremen, the AFL-CIO tried to destroy it by chartering a rival union, which only made the I.L.A. officials fight the harder for survival.

If the officials of the AFL-CIO have finally recognized the folly of disowning black sheep, a net gain in valuable experience can be noted; unfortunately, there is reason to believe that fear of the I.L.A.'s joining the Teamsters and the West Coast Longshoremen was largely responsible for the decision to readmit the union to the federation. It is one thing to expel an erring brother under strong external pressure; when the erring brother begins to flirt with a rival organization, however, it is time to sheathe the avenging sword and beckon the black sheep home. Under such circumstances, what cannot be forgiven can be easily forgotten.

ANTI-LABOR DAY: 1959 . . *by B. J. Widick*

SINCE LABOR DAY is a legal holiday in tribute to American labor, next week's celebration could hardly have come at a more embarrassing moment. What happened recently in Congress in the field of labor legislation does not lend itself to interpretation as a tribute to the trade-union movement, nor does the steel strike promise much for the organized worker. Indeed, the strike marks a dangerous turning point in labor relations in this country. Nowhere do labor developments furnish palatable material for the usual Labor Day oratory.

If the trade unions did not have such deep and permanent roots in our society, and a book membership numbering close to 18,000,000, one would be tempted to compare the current anti-labor mood in the nation with the beginning of the "anti-Communist" wave of the early post-war years that culminated in the reign of McCarthyism.

Last year began unpleasantly for the unions. The recession hurt membership, weakened their bargaining power, and forced upon them a hold-the-line strategy that forestalled progress. Dreams of campaigns for a shorter work week to cope with the effects of automation faded. Labor endured an increasing number of attacks by its enemies on almost all fronts.

The mood of frustration and defeat lasted until the November elections, won handily by the Democrats, promised to introduce a fresh liberal trend on the political scene. Labor leaders felt that the results assured them of adequate protection against the legislative drive of conservative Republicans and Southern Demo-

B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The U.A.W and Walter Reuther.

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crats to cripple labor under the guise of curing corruption.

True, there was growing evidence that labor relations in many industries were going sour. In some cases, this was attributed to a hangover from recession conflicts; in others, to the vindictiveness of conservative business interests who were unwilling to accept November's decision, particularly on the "right-to-work" laws. However, top labor leaders felt generally that the basic pattern of 1959 contracts would be set in steel, where a relatively long history of amiable union-management relations offered hope of solid labor progress, even though the pattern of past steel settlements—that is, higher wages followed by even higher prices—was not likely to be duplicated. But what followed has alarmed the trade-union movement.

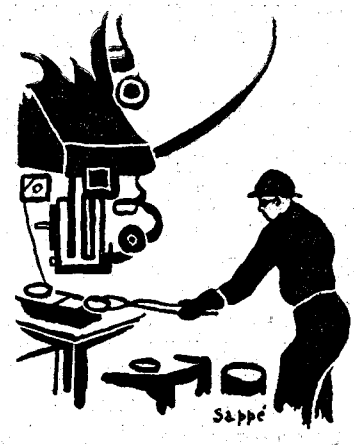
AN IMPORTANT symptom of the changing mood of the nation was the brutal smashing of the textile workers' strike in Henderson, N.C., *à la* 1934's famed textile strike in Gastonia. But at Gastonia the use of the National Guard evoked much public sympathy for the embattled strikers, while the Henderson defeat occurred without a murmur of indignation outside the labor movement. What this signified to organizing campaigns and union progress in the South was illustrated shortly thereafter when the Great Lakes Carbon Company of Morgantown, N. C., wrote its own ticket to end a ten-week strike; before the threat of another Henderson, the union capitulated.

Meanwhile, an important structural change was taking place in the management of such industries as steel, auto, rubber, electric and oil. This was the gradual replacement of old-line labor-relations men and industrial leaders by a new type of organization man, usually with a legal or business background. Gone were the days when C. E. Wilson of General Motors would fly to Pittsburgh to try to sell recalcitrant steel barons the idea that labor was entitled to a yearly raise in pay based on improvement in productivity, that an "escalator clause" afforded employees some protection against inflation. Gone from the ranks of steel leaders was Benjamin Fairless, president of U. S. Steel, who was proud of his friendship with David McDonald, Steelworkers' president.

The prototype of the new industrial-relations man was Lemuel R. Boulware, the tough veteran of General Electric, who had been viewed as a vestigial remnant of the pre-union days by sophisticated labor-relations experts. Boulware was replaced by another man last year, but his philosophy not only continues to dominate at G. E., but has become standard in big business. This is what has upset old patterns and ushered in a new and dangerous period in labor relations. *Fortune* magazine, last December, summarized the philosophy of "Boulwareism," which provides a clue to understanding what has happened in steel and—according to the *Wall Street Journal* of August 18—is happening in other industries:

> At many big corporations, labor relations have been characterized in recent years by what Parker [Boulware's successor] and Boulware consider a kind of opportunism, by a willingness to succumb to union pressure rather than hazard a strike, by a willingness to let unions take the credit for all contractual gains, and by an eagerness to preserve good labor relations at all costs. G. E., on the contrary, prides itself on its "principled" position. Its spokesmen insist that if G. E. has to choose between principles and profits, it will accept a costly strike rather than surrender, for example on such an issue as the union shop. The corporation has vigorously supported right-to-work laws and has indicated that it prefers to locate new plants in right-to-work states. . . . Where most corporations turn a deaf ear to union propaganda, except at bargaining time, G. E. carries on a steady propaganda effort of its own to win workers' support for its labor policies—and for its conservative political position.

This is the new philosophy that David McDonald faces at the steel bargaining table, and it is a new and frustrating experience. Fortunately for the union, R. Conrad Cooper and the other steel spokesmen have overreached themselves. The Steelworkers had not expected a strike; their ranks were somewhat befuddled on



the wage-price problem, and the union had scaled down its demands enormously in an effort to obtain a peaceful settlement. But the steel interests were adamant in their "no progress" program, and when they added demands affecting long-established working rules and chiseling on working conditions at a time of fabulous profit-making, they did the one thing guaranteed to solidify all steel workers behind their union. At this writing, difficulty in ending the strike does not involve wages—a ten-cent package still remains the likely outcome—but principle. Involved is "Boulwareism" versus a labor movement which is now fighting not for progress, but for the *status quo*.

FOR LABOR to be placed in such a position at a time of unparalleled prosperity and industry-profits suggests a need for re-evaluation of the concept that labor loses in depressions and gains in periods of prosperity. At a national conference this summer of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, Walter P. Reuther described the development thus: "The National Association of Manufacturers and Big Business are waging a class struggle in America as Karl Marx wrote it would be waged. They are working overtime to prove Karl Marx was right." This somber prognosis has been given additional weight not only by the duration of the steel strike, but by the political disaster labor suffered when the Landrum-Griffin bill passed the House of Representatives, and whetted the appetite of Big Business to take after the hide of labor on all fronts.

How labor will react generally to this new situation may be revealed

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at the AFL-CIO convention this month. Its leaders, now meeting at Unity House, are engaged in working out some answers. They know that on both the economic and legislative fronts, a period of bitter struggle lies ahead.

George Meany certainly is America's angriest man at the moment, and he has ample reason to be. Labor's political victory of last fall has evaporated. Meany expelled the Teamsters Union to placate public opinion and Congress; the AFL-CIO cooperated with the McClellan committee; the federation, furthermore, adopted a code of ethical practices. The result of all this "appeasement" has been the Landrum-Griffin bill, or something close to it.

Quite obviously, labor leaders misjudged public opinion and the sentiment in their own ranks in the critical legislative fight that has just taken place in Washington. Expelling Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters, far from solving anything, appears to have aggravated the issue, since Hoffa went on a free-wheeling fight against the McClellan committee (even some AFL-CIO men felt Hoffa bested Counsel Robert Kennedy in their exchanges). The committee's exposures failed to dent Hoffa's hold on his union—though of course the reaction outside the labor movement was quite different. The chance appearance of young Kennedy on the Jack Paar program created enormous public support for the campaign which business interests, reactionary politicians and anti-labor forces generally had kept up on the issue of corruption.

The climax came in the unprecedented—and to labor, shocking—intervention of President Eisenhower, who used his personal popularity and the vast prestige of his office to advocate a tougher law than the Kennedy-Ervin bill, which had been accepted overwhelmingly in the Senate. A tidal wave of public opinion hit Washington that no counter-efforts of labor leaders could roll back.

OF COURSE, the immediate emotional reaction of labor leaders to what occurred in Congress was bound to cool off. An illustration of the mood of some leaders was expressed by David McDonald when he arrived at the AFL-CIO Council meeting. "I'm all through with the Democrats and I'm all through with COPE. From now on I'm sticking to my friend, Dick Nixon." Jimmy Hoffa announced at a Teamster lawyers' conference in Virginia that his union plans a vast political organization and campaign to punish the legislators who voted for the Landrum-Griffin bill. The AFL-CIO Council declared its intentions of going more deeply and more thoroughly into politics with an expanded program.

Behind labor's political debacle is a phenomenon that now needs wider attention. In reality, most unions are run by a small minority of activists. The leaders acted, for better or worse, in behalf of the ranks. This kind of bureaucrat functioning has worked in the past. It may continue to do so in many unions, although it is clear that in some, like the Steelworkers, a major strike struggle is bound to have some internal repercussions. In politics, a labor vote is only a labor vote if the worker himself comes out to the polls. Effective political action depends on direct and active participation of the ranks.

Three years ago, Jimmy Hoffa sneered at COPE and other political-action efforts of unions. "Politics? You can play it two ways. You spend money or you make speeches. We spend dough." In the bush leagues of Michigan, this was sufficient for a long time. In the big leagues of Washington, it is merely a sign of political primitiveness. Big Business has the real dough. Now we find all unions converging on the political front, united on many issues, despite their deep organizational and ideological differences. The involvement of labor on the political front has only begun.

DECADE of the EX-REDS . . *by Sidney Lens*

THESE ARE lean days for America's Left, leaner than any time in history. The Communist Party is still the largest group on the distaff side, but even if one adds its 4,000 members to those of the Socialist Party and the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party, the total is less than 7,000. Yet for the *ex*-Communists, *ex*-Trotskyists, *ex*-Socialists—for convenience, I group them all under the label "exes" — this is probably the most bountiful period of all. One of the strange features of post-war America is the number of exes who have risen to positions of status and influence. The literary and diplomatic worlds, the relief organizations, the trade unions, the staffs of scores of institutions from the Fund for the Republic to B'nai B'rith, are filled by them to an amazing extent. Exism has become a veritable profession.

One of the Trotskyist factions of a generation ago — at its peak, it numbered no more than 200 members — has provided two senior editors for America's most prominent business publication, an editor-in-chief of another slick magazine, an internationally known writer, and at least two moderately well-publicized union officials. Two former Trotskyists are prominent contributors to *The New Yorker*. The former labor editor of *Business Week* — a confidante of Tom Dewey — is an ex-radical. One of Eric Johnston's former assistants, one-time adviser to the Teamsters' Union, was an ex-Communist. Innumerable labor attachés around the world, executive assistants to Congressmen and Senators, researchers for the RAND Corporation, executives of Radio Free Europe and hundreds of others now

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holding positions of influence and respectability were the rebels of yesteryear. The roster of present union leaders who were radicals in the 1930s reads like a *Who's Who* of the labor movement.

What unites the exes is the simple theorem that capitalism at its worst is better than communism at its best. Most of them still bristle against imperialism, still flush with anger over Jim Crow, still itemize — in off-moments — the evils of the profit system; but in the face of what they consider the greater danger, they have come to terms with the lesser. Their rationale is sometimes good-humored and nihilistic, sometimes it drips with venom. Many a former Communist — Louis Budenz, to list one — is as fervidly anti-Communist today as he was anti-capitalist yesterday.

Most of the exes, of course, are now simple folk, living in suburbia, whose most radical recent acts have been to vote twice in a row for Adlai Stevenson or to kick up a fuss at the parent-teacher association. The *professional* exes number only a few thousand; but their influence on life runs deep and wide. Indeed, they are a necessity in today's America. Who could have fed the fires of McCarthyism so well as the ex-Communist Louis Budenz? And who knows more about communism than the former general secretary of the Communist Party, Jay Lovestone, or the former Lovestoneite, Irving Brown?

EXISM IS A uniquely American phenomenon. Leftists in Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America may perambulate from the Communist to the Socialist movement, or vice versa, or they may become moderate rather than left-wing Socialists, but they seldom leave the Left. Aneuran Bevan currently is accused by British radicals of having "moved to the Right." Another British M.P., Richard Crossman, changes political wings so often one never knows where he stands at a particular moment. But it is rare indeed to hear of a Labor Party leader who has joined the Tories. The European leftist parties are big enough to offer shelter to their members for their whole lives; there are thousands of secure jobs for them in workers' clubs, unions, publishing societies and co-operatives.

Here, however, the situation is somewhat different. True, for about fifteen years, the Communist Party offered a material as well as an emotional haven for thousands of members and fellow-travelers. A writer who was close to the party had a built-in audience of considerable size; there were publishing houses and book stores ready to give his book a necessary push. Communist unionists in the mid-thirties found themselves suddenly with a few thousand jobs at their disposal as the party and its fellow-travelers penetrated at least eleven C.I.O. unions and part of the top C.I.O. structure. But since 1948, the party has been in steady decline, a decline aggravated by the Khrushchev revelations at the Twentieth Communist Congress and the Hungarian revolution. Today it has so few members it can hardly be considered a haven for any but a few functionaries; it has almost no influence and no jobs.

As for the other Left groups, the Socialist Party at one time had many friends in the trade-union movement. The first president of the U.A.W. was Homer Martin, a Socialist. His administrative assistant—now an educational director for another large union — was a member of a right-wing Communist group popularly known as the "Lovestoneites," after the name of its leader, Jay Lovestone. The three Reuther brothers were then in the Socialist Party.

The list of writers and intellectuals who endorsed Socialist Norman Thomas in 1932 is imposing: Paul Douglas (now Senator Douglas), John Dewey, Elmer Davis, Henry Hazlitt, Lewis Gannett, Stuart Chase, Joseph Wood Krutch, Stephen Vincent Benet, Van Wyck Brooks, Franklin P. Adams, Ordway Tead, Deems Taylor, George Gershwin, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Morris Cohen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Oswald Garrison Villard and scores more.

Four years later most of these individuals had turned to Franklin Roosevelt as their political lodestar. By 1937, the Socialist Party was in severe decline, never to be resuscitated. By the mid-fifties it had less than a thousand members. Its trade unionists and intellectuals had deserted it for the New Deal, the Democratic Party and Americans for Democratic Action.

BUT WHILE the Left was disappearing, America suddenly found itself in need of men who knew something about leftism. When Germany, Japan and Italy were conquered, the United States had to find men who could speak to radical trade unionists emerging from illegality. Almost in toto these were leftists—Socialists, Communists, Left Catholics — who spoke the language of Marxism, Christian Socialism, syndicalism. The Labor Party took the reigns of government in Britain. Socialist governments were formed in France periodically — the one before de-Gaulle, for instance, by Socialist Guy Mollet. Socialists were in power in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Australia, New Zealand, sometimes in Belgium and Holland. They have been the big opposition party in Germany and Japan. Moreover, every one of the twenty-one non-Communist nations that sprang up after the war were led by men who considered themselves Socialists of one kind or another.

America needed diplomats, unionists, relief-agency officials who could talk with such people in their own political language. Unfortunately, our old diplomatic corps was a striped-pants force which spoke little more than the language of Standard Oil. It was definitely not at home with revolutionaries like Bourguiba, Nkrumah, Nehru, Ba Swe, Hata, Tito, Fidel Castro. After 1947, the United States found itself in a cold war with yesterday's ally, Russia, but it had almost no one in important positions who had ever read Marx or Lenin, let alone understood them. On one occasion, when I was in Yugoslavia, I asked the Embassy staff whether there was anyone who had ever read *Das Kapital*. Only one had.

And so a new profession was born: the profession of exism. The men who entered it didn't give up their radicalism at one fell blow; they arrived at their new rationale slowly.

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In their own mirror they could still see themselves as fighters, but it was a new kind of fight. The evils of capitalism receded towards minority status in their *Weltanschauung*, and there emerged in their mind's eye the towering evil of communism which became the single, immediate and all-inclusive enemy. Fortunately for them, this rationale ran parallel to the country's new mood on foreign policy. The rationalizers thus became sought after not only by the diplomatic corps, but by the mass media and innumerable institutions involved in relief, civil rights, cultural, research and other activities.

Probably the most successful ex of them all is a man who is almost unknown to the public, Jay Lovestone. Next time you read a statement by George Meany or the AFL-CIO charging that neutralist Nehru objectively serves communism, it is almost certain that Lovestone wrote it. And next time you read of an American labor attaché in a Latin American country who is called down for distributing anti-Communist literature inside the unions there, it is a good guess that Lovestone helped him get his job. Lovestone receives no fancy salaries—he is now on the staff of the AFL-CIO International Affairs Committee — but his new power is immense.

He was one of the founders of the Communist Party after the Russian Revolution. For a time, prior to 1929, he was its general secretary, but he picked the wrong horse in the three-way fight among Stalin, Bukharin and Trotsky (he picked Bukharin), and Stalin relegated him to perdition. He was expelled in 1929 even though 90 per cent of the delegates at a Communist convention supported him. None the less, until the mid-thirties he continued to consider Stalin's general policies correct. His big differences with communism were on the American scene; he opposed the policies of William Z. Foster and Earl Browder.

On expulsion, Lovestone formed his own group which was still in existence in 1941, when it had perhaps 1,000 members. With him at the time were such men as Irving Brown, now AFL-CIO representative in Europe and listed by *Look* as one of the hundred most powerful men on earth; Harry Goldberg, another AFL-CIO representative; Bertram D. Wolfe, biographer of the Russian revolutionary leaders, who has served with U. S. Government propaganda agencies; Charles Zimmerman, head of Local 22 of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; and many others who have since risen to high status in American labor and government circles. Through his connection with Zimmerman, Lovestone was chosen in 1944 as the head of the International Relations Department of the ILGWU, and through this post he became a major force in American foreign-policy fields.

HAVING clearly foreseen the key role of overseas labor in the postwar world, and having staked his claim early, Lovestone was able to place old associates and a host of new ones in strategic spots within the U. S. Government and in various agencies overseas. Irving Brown, who had never been abroad before, was sent to Europe as A. F. of L. representative. Brown now became a figure to be reckoned with, dealing with heads of government and heads of unions like a veritable potentate. Harry Goldberg made forages to Indonesia and Italy. In India, the Lovestone apparatus picked up a young man named Mohan Das. Men with primary allegiance to Lovestone were picked up in, or sent to, Turkey, Israel, Algeria, Indonesia, Latin America. Through former members of his political group, Lovestone helped form and run the International Rescue Committee and other relief agencies.

Here at home the influence of this formerly isolated Communist grew steadily. Representative Clardy of Michigan alludes to a 113-page secret document of the U. S. Air Force dealing with Lovestone's relations with government officials, in which it is stated that labor attaché posts, and other government jobs, were frequently "cleared" with him. It is noteworthy that despite his past, he has seldom been bothered by Congressional inquiry committees. He has never had passport trouble. Ed Lahey, correspondent for the Knight newspapers, calls him "a real mystery man" who "insists rather sheepishly that there is no formal connection between him and the Central Intelligence Agency, nor between him and the Department of State [but] it can be stated without qualification that the CIA headed by Allen Dulles . . . has in recent years obtained much of its primary information about international communism from Lovestone."

One of the great bones of contention between Walter Reuther and George Meany is what to do about Lovestone. Reuther wants him fired; Meany leans on him heavily.

THE WORLD for the Lovestoneites is still a black and white one. A generation ago, they could see no evil in communism; today they see evil in anyone who does not agree with their way of fighting communism. Most of the other exes are not as single-tracked. They view their own past as something of a peccadillo, and the present often with good-humored equanimity. Some are "foundation foundlings" who receive periodic grants from Ford, Rockefeller and other foundations to make trips around the world, to study and explain communism in various universities, to participate in pleasant intellectual conferences in Vienna, Paris, Tokyo or Stanford. They write light-hearted pieces for *The New Yorker*, or heavy, objective articles for *Encounter*. They are the sophisticated nihilists of the twentieth century.

Dwight MacDonald, editor with his former wife, Nancy, of the left-wing *Politics*, has written a series of biographical articles for *Encounter* which typifies the philosophy of this type of intellectual ex. MacDonald graduated from Yale, became a writer and joined the Trotskyists. What disturbs him, in retrospect, was the endless discussion on the Left as to whether Russia was or was not a "workers' state." He concludes that the Left made no impact on the 1930s, since it did little else but jabber.

This, of course, is a synthetic view. The polemics of the assorted Left of the 1930s may seem puerile from the vantage point of the 1950s. But the Left did more than talk. Two or three Communists in a union, or two or three Socialists, were the

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catalytic agents that galvanized hundreds of thousands into sit-down strikes, unemployment demonstrations and bonus marches on Washington. The Left indisputably made a considerable contribution in brains to the New Deal, particularly to its secondary echelons. But downgrading the Left of the 1930s is a necessary posture for the ex-radical; it is as if to say: "I took it too seriously, but I was young then."

IN MANY ways, the professional ex is the most powerful influence in today's tendency to conform. Because of his past, he is even more fearful of "sticking his neck out" than the arch-conservative. Few liberals and no prominent exes were willing to speak out openly against the antics of the late Senator from Wisconsin; it was conservatives like Senator Harry Cain who stood up to be counted in opposition.

As Granville Hicks has pointed out, the intellectuals of the 1920s and, of course, the 1930s believed that "What is, is wrong." Leftism of that era was a small force, but the individual leftist often had considerable influence. The literati, the political writers, were more apt than not to be of the broad, amorphous Left, and their books and articles had wide acceptance. Today's generation of intellectuals, by and large, is an apathetic, resigned and fearful one. Despite the beatniks, its basic theme is that "What is, is right." It is afraid to challenge the established order of things. The professional ex, with his own rationale for accepting the status quo, reinforces this conformity. He is, in effect, the older generation telling the newer one: "I was a rebel in my youth, but I learned my lesson; don't you fall into the same trap."

In our day and age this rationale is a marketable commodity.

THE KYRIE PLAN . . *by Michael O'Connell*

THE KYRIE Plan was introduced on a small TV station in the Midwest which, investigating the commercial value of shock, had turned the last quarter hour before the late movies into a forum for wild ideas. The program was called "Soapbox Corner." On this particular night the camera closed on an unremarkable face, squarish, a bit soft around the edges, with rimless glasses—the kind of man Hollywood might cast as a professor of economics.

Light flashed off the glasses as he looked down at some notes and began. "It is no longer debatable," he said matter-of-factly, "that you and I and our equivalents in certain other countries have decided on suicide. Whether we have done this from desire, apathy, stupidity or intelligence does not matter. We have decided even if we are not aware of it."

"Uh, oh," said one of the station engineers, watching a monitor screen. "Bet they give this one the hook."

"However, while the vector of events which we permit, or insist on, makes this as certain as though we each put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger, it may be that, even now, we do not clearly understand what this means. Therefore" —and for the first time the ordinary face lifted and the eyes looked directly into the camera—"I offer to you a reasonable proposal."

In thousands of homes, unfinished cans of beer were put down slowly or skeins of knitting yarn fell to the floor, and relaxing bodies began to tense, as the methodical voice continued. The idea it offered was simple. Within each nation possessing nuclear weapons certain smaller cities, two in each country, would be designated as targets. Identities of the cities would be kept secret. At a certain date, also secret, these cities would be nuclear-bombed.

"In this way," said the voice, "we can thus commit a little suicide at a time and discover if this is what we actually want."

There was another point: the air force of each country would bomb its own cities.

"This is logical." The voice paused, and went on. "Consider a rather large group within all the nations involved, which has no power regarding the course of events. Children. We are aware that in a nuclear war the Russians will kill our children. We know that we will kill their children. Each accepts this as the act of an alien. But since the true responsibility for the death of Russian children will be with the Russians and the true responsibility for the death of our children will be with us, we must commit the act ourselves. It may be that, facing the fact on a small scale, we shall choose to prevent it on a larger."

The speaker added details. Governments without nuclear weapons, but anxious to possess them, would be supplied by the nuclear powers contingent upon participation in the plan. Radioactive fallout over other non-nuclear nations to be arranged as fairly as possible. If after the first test results were indecisive, progressively larger cities and weapons could be utilized. The entire agreement was to be worked out secretly by governments of nuclear powers, immediately.

The speaker stopped. Carefully he folded his notes, put them away and again faced the camera. "I call this idea the Kyrie Plan," he said slowly, "from the ancient liturgical cry, *Kyrie eleison.*"

USUALLY, after "Soapbox Corner," the station received a fair number of phone calls. This night there were none. All evening the telephones were mute until, at 1 A.M., the channel went blank with a scratchy playing of the *Star-Spangled Banner.*

But next morning at dawn calls started pouring in so furiously that

MICHAEL O'CONNELL describes himself as "a painter who writes occasionally because some things I want to say need words."

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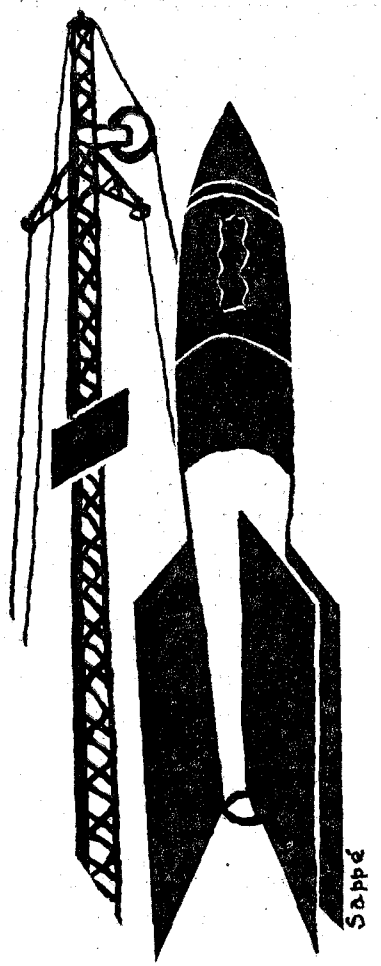
the switchboard was swamped. The two local newspapers gave the story considerable space and the wire services picked it up. Across the country the plan was dismissed as crackpot ranting or some kind of sick humor, and cited as a disgusting example of the abuse of free speech.

The furor was dying down when, two days later, *Pravda* devoted an entire column, page one, to the story. It was a straightforward account stating that a stalking horse of the U.S. Government had proposed an appalling action, the nuclear bombing of the Soviet Union, with its own permission. This was both criminal and inadmissible, the story continued, and a further proof of the insane lengths to which fear of Soviet accomplishments was driving the West.

THE KYRIE Plan became world news.

At his weekly news conference the President said that he would not comment until all the facts were available. The State Department acquired a tape recording of the television program and began serious study to determine why the Russians had reacted so negatively.

At a missile base in the Ural Mountains an officer of rank, whose jovial manner had never attempted to conceal the machine within, read an exact translation of one of the wire-service stories and speculated. Although this was unmistakably some kind of capitalist trap, the idea itself had possibilities. There was much to be learned about various defensive missiles under actual attack conditions. If the cities were not really important industrially. . . . And a one-star General in Colorado whose handsomeness and incisive mind had never prevented a peculiar uneasiness in his peers, looked down into a bowl of guppies, his only friends, and whispered, "An insane idea, of course. But from the purely technical standpoint, intriguing." Another person of authority, in England, perceived instantly that—just for the sake of conjecture—adjustment would have to be made for the relative size of countries, else the entire thing would be grossly unfair.



In Congress, an intransigent Senator from the West Coast made a short, bitter speech. "The notion is crazy," he said, "and so is anyone who takes it seriously." His colleagues, long accustomed to his attacks on majority attitudes, and shocked to find themselves on his side, began to re-examine their own positions. It was pointed out that his stand was strikingly close to that of the Communists.

A high Civil Defense spokesman, pressed by reporters, somewhat reluctantly agreed that, yes, such an attack on two smaller cities would yield valuable data on the effects of blast and fallout, and clarify many post-raid medical problems.

One of the national news magazines ran an item cautioning its readers not to dismiss the Kyrie Plan too quickly. Although the United States planned no unilateral action, some foreign affairs experts felt the idea merited further study. The Communists were known to oppose it violently.

Around the world the currents of opinion grew choppy. The Kyrie Plan became the subject of angry discussion everywhere.

An extremist leader of African nationalism was quoted widely when he said, "Any plan which brings the dominant powers to their senses before it is too late, is good!" And a Polish intellectual journal conjectured cautiously that to utilize a minority for the majority welfare was not an anti-party action.

Then Radio Moscow, in an Arabic language broadcast, declared that the Soviet Union had always welcomed any plan which offered a hope of peace. Capitalist lies to the contrary would be proved wrong for all the world to see. Next day, the Soviet press and radio launched a full-scale campaign calling upon the West to confer immediately with the Soviet Union on aspects of the so-called Kyrie Plan. The necessity for secret negotiations was emphasized.

In answer to a storm of inquiries the State Department announced merely that a memorandum had been received from the Soviet Union and that it was being given careful study. It added that U.S. policy had always been to consider seriously any plan which offered a hope of peace.

DAYS passed without further news and people began to flinch at the whistling scream of their military jets taking off. And in cities like Coventry, Vitebsk or Youngstown, they looked up at jet trails clawing across the sky and wondered.

The man who had started it all was located. He had disappeared after the television program in spite of an intensive search by swarms of reporters and the neat, reticent men working for some government agency. A free-lance photographer traced him to a city on the East Coast where he had been sentenced to thirty days in jail for refusing to take shelter during a practice air-raid alert. He was in the psychiatric ward. The photographer managed to talk with the prison psychiatrist.

"How bad is he, Doctor?" he asked. "Can you arrange an interview?"

The doctor shook his head. "There must have been some mistake at the desk. That man was never transferred to the prison hospital, which

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was overcrowded. Three days after arrival he hanged himself in his cell."

The photographer arranged permission to look at the cell and there took a picture which was circulated around the world. It showed a steel bunk, a bucket, a high window with bars and a wall blackened by years of contact with hands, shoulders and heads. Into it was scratched the stark, sprawling letters: *Kyrie eleison.*

That picture was the catalyst. First, the letters started, letters to the world's leaders from their own countrymen, but also letters from what seemed all other peoples of the globe. The letters said, in literally a million different ways, *Stop the Kyrie Plan. It is madness.* A volume of mail that to begin with was startling quickly grew overwhelming until the postal systems of the world were totally bogged down, and still the letters continued.

After that the crowds. In Washington, London and Moscow, in Paris, Rome, Tokyo, Bonn, Belgrade and Buenos Aires, in Peking, Dublin, Bagdad, Jakarta, New Delhi and Ottawa, in all the capitals of the world multitudes gathered before the government buildings. At the beginning they carried placards or stretched banners, but soon these disappeared. Their governments knew why they were there. They stood and looked at the government buildings in crowds vaster than any the cities had ever known.

If the police dispersed them, they returned. In those places where they were assaulted brutally they withdrew, and returned. In many places the police or soldiers joined them. They were peaceful. They stood and watched. They meant business. Everything stopped.

Five days later an extraordinary plenary session of the General Assembly was convened at the United Nations in New York. Cars carrying the delegates passed through unimaginable crowds, quiet, implacable, watching them.

Seven days later a World Treaty was signed by all member states of the United Nations, a treaty hailed as a giant step forward for mankind. Its salient clause provided that from that time forward no signatory nation for whatsoever reason (internal revolt or dissension excepted) should have the power to explode against its own people a nuclear weapon.

The crowds dispersed.

POISONING THE SAHARA . . *by Ira V. Morris*

Paris

IN THE LAST few years, a concerted effort has been made to reinforce the idea that the Sahara is a bleak desert, unpopulated as the moon. The object of this campaign became apparent about the end of last year. Articles began to appear in various French publications describing France's military installations at Colomb-Bechar and Beni Abbes, where an area of some 300 square miles has been set aside as a robot-plane and teleguided-missile base. Finally, it was announced in April that the first French nuclear bomb would be exploded experimentally "in the Tanezrouft." How convenient to have a desert available in which to set off such lovely fireworks!

Unfortunately, the desert is not uninhabited, and the spot picked for the blast is not in the bleak Tanezrouft, but at the southern end of Touat—middle point of a great arc of valleys between Morocco and Mzab, one of the most fertile oasis regions of the Sahara. On both sides of these valleys, the Gourara, Touat and Tidikelt, are palm groves, *kasbas* and ancient monasteries. To the east, it is watered by streams flowing from the Tademait, to the south by streams from the outlying peaks of the Hoggar and the Atlas mountains of Morocco. Subterranean rivers also bring water from the Ksour mountain chain.

THANKS to the copious irrigation, there are 125 miles of practically continuous palm groves, with 17,000 inhabitants and seventy-five villages in the Touat alone. This region was the historic halting spot for the Sudan caravans, which once were the solitary medium of trade and cultural communication between Black Africa and the northern areas. Along this so-called date-highway are some two million magnificent trees bearing 200,000 hundredweight of dates. A Frenchman of my acquaintance owns 130,000 date palms in the Regganne. He cannot feel very happy at the sight of the launching pylons, standing in readiness for the famous bomb.

Apart from the dates, there is barley, tobacco, henna, pimento and vegetable cultivation, as well as pasturage for camels, sheep and goats. The prosperity of these oases is due not only to their unique position in the hollow of a huge basin, watered each spring by great torrents from the Moroccan Atlas Mountains and the Tademait; for centuries, peasants have planted these palm groves and cultivated them, irrigating them at the cost of tremendous labor, toiling with pick and basket, working like ants in the subterranean *foggaras* which, the geographer E. F. Gautier tells us, are almost as complicated as a metropolitan subway system.

In the geographical system of the Touat, Gourara and Tidikelt live 200,000 Arabs, Berbers, Jews and Negroes whose means of livelihood are agriculture, basket-work, weaving and trading by camel between the Sudan and the North. About sixty of their villages, called *ksours,* lie in the Gourara, seventy-five in the Touat and forty in the Tidikelt; many of them have Chorfa or Kounta mosques, for since generations

IRA MORRIS and his wife Edita (author of The Flowers of Hiroshima, *Viking) are American residents of Paris who have taken a leading role in French organizations opposing nuclear warfare. This article was adapted from the French of Odette du Puigeaudeau.*

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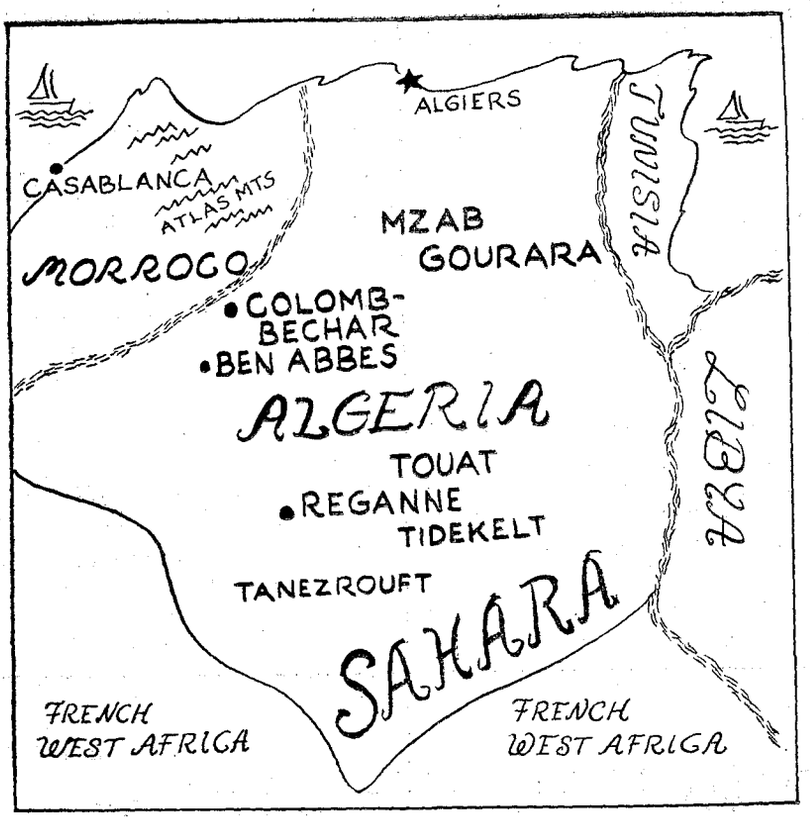
these settlements have been religious and cultural centers. Defended by walled fortifications, the villages protected the oasis from marauding tribes from the desert.

ONE MAY BE permitted a feeling of astonishment and shock that the atomic blasts are to take place in this green belt which, we are told by M. Augustin Bernard of the *Académie des Sciences,* is unique in the whole Sahara. We have learned something of the effects of strontium-90 on sheep in Wales—sheep which were infinitely farther from the scene of atomic explosions than will be these oases from the blast of France's bomb. The natural food of the Saharan people—milk, cereals and dates—will at once be contaminated by radioactive fallout, which no doubt will be carried from well to well by the subterranean waterways. The wind, blowing generally from the northeast, will carry off the contaminated sand to let it fall like death-bearing rain on Mauretania. And in Mauretania live not only the defenseless Saharans, whom some may choose to disregard, but also *French* oil and mineral prospectors; and there are the French mines at Tindouf and Fort-Gouraud. We know that the wind has carried great sand dunes from Africa to the Canaries. It would be foolish to consider metropolitan France immune, for when the northeast wind subsides, the south wind will take its place and very possibly carry the red dust over the Mediterranean.



All these facts are recognized. Yet the Sahara experts have issued not one word of warning, nor has support been given to the few scattered protests. Whatever the consequences, the French want their bomb. Prestige is involved, it seems, and the nation has been told sternly that it must live in the present. Must it also die in the present?

OUR MARSHMALLOW SOCIETY . . *by William Walsh*

IN MODERN SOCIETY, whether in the arts or in the sciences or in education, and particularly in higher education, there has been an enormous growth in technical competence, a huge elaboration of professional *expertise.* But there is no necessary connection between this vast increase in means and the successful bringing about of the end they exist to serve: an educated society. A good education persists, not as a collection of information, an arrangement of intellectual bric-a-brac, but as a certain unity of self, more or less coherent, more or less rich, and as a certain method of thinking and feeling, more or less complex, more or less sensitive. What lasts (since the criterion here is not the permanence of memory but the permanence of being and power), what enters into our being as a result of school and college, is a blend of value, attitude and assumption, a certain moral tone, a special quality of imagination, a particular flavor of sensibility—the things that constituted the soul of our education. And it is in the sources of these that there has been in the modern world, together with the extension of technique, a severe contraction and enfeeblement. There has been an impoverishment in those systems of tacit assumptions on which man must base his character and conduct. Human life depends on a metaphysic and incorporates a morality and a faith. As D. H. Lawrence said, "It is useless to think that we can get along without a conception of what man is, and without a belief in ourselves, and without the morality to support this belief."

It is "beliefs and foregone conclusions" of this order which flow into civilization and inform educational activity. They are the springs of good education when they are, to some degree, adequate to the complexity of

WILLIAM WALSH, whose latest book, The Use of Imagination (*Chatto, London, 1959*) *has received high praise, holds the chair of Education at the University of Leeds.*

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the world they offer to interpret, consonant with one another, and held with some degree of passion. They must be proportioned to reality, undisturbed by patent contradictions and braced by feeling. Beliefs capable of fostering good education must be sane, consistent and sincere. And it is here, at the source of action, where the ultimate triumph and disaster are prepared, that there has been in the modern world so notable a falling off in energy. We suffer in the blood of our beliefs from an anemia of principle, a debility of assumption.

THIS STATE of affairs could not but reflect itself in the sensibility of our time and—we hardly need to remind ourselves—it is out of this sensibility, in it, through it and for it that we live and teach. For by sensibility I mean that special combination of thought, feeling, value and assumption, that particular flavor of taste and sentiment, that characteristic mode of action which reveal the nuance and crystallize the tone and temper of a period. What first strikes an observer about our contemporary sensibility is the discrepancy between its overt behavior and its inward condition. Outside we see toughness, realism, even ruthlessness; inside we see weakness, softness, an absence of any firmness and robustness of conviction: brutality without and a mushiness within, a hard casing and a marshmallow center. And since sensibility concretely represents the mind of an age and since the mind constitutes the world it lives in, we can say that we live in a marshmallow world. Or that we are characters in a novel written in collaboration by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mickey Spillane.

Nothing gives more intimate, more accurate testimony to the quality of feeling in a society, to its sense for truth in being, to its capacity for true relations, than its use of language. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that so many have noted in our time a degeneration in language, a corruption in the essential means of thought and feeling. Naturally there is in language, as in every other form of human vitality, a tendency towards decline. But the life of language has in the past been recurrently refreshed by poets and by the people. For most of us, however, poets are rather weird outsiders, loping somewhat frantically around the boundaries of civilization. As for the people huddled in enormous urban areas, they seem to have lost their taste for the flavor of colloquial salt, they seem no longer able to produce that verve and variety of dialect or that energy of phrase and image with which they used to replenish the potency of the word. Language as it is used today exhibits a progressive dehumanization. We see this medium bleached of humanity in every sphere. We see it in the language of politics and administration, in the language of the social sciences and education, a Martian discourse, lethargic with passives and numb with the impersonal, emptied of contrasts, periphrastic and as musical as the shutting of a filing cabinet.

HERE IS AN example of that dehumanized discourse, taken from a distinguished American psychologist, in which we now attempt to describe even the most personal and human experience:

> It is clear, then, that the optimum total situation implied in the baby's readiness to get what is given is his mutual regulation with a mother who will permit him to develop and co-ordinate his means of getting as she develops and co-ordinates her means of giving. There is a high premium of libidinal pleasure in this co-ordination—a libidinal pleasure which one feels is only insufficiently formulated by the term "oral."*

We find this dehumanization, also, in the language designed to be read by the people and increasingly used by them. This is a language run up out of a rag bag of clichés and routine catchwords. It blanks out whatever is discriminating, serious or reflective. It is too gross to make distinctions, too mechanized to express feeling, too fabricated to correspond to what is real and important. It is hardly a language at all and much more a set of stimuli. The following is taken from a popular London daily:

> A goldmine-and-glitter night for the stars. Excitement in the night air . . . the hubbub of crowds and the rustle of satins and minks fighting their way through . . . a razzle-dazzle of emeralds, rubies . . . and then—BANG! Showland's all-time greatest and most glittering goldmine exploded in London last night.

Implicit in this language is a conception of man as half-animal, half-machine. A more sophisticated, and therefore more sinister, species of degeneration shows itself in that habit of expression which deceives us into applying to one sphere of life terms and discourse totally, madly, inappropriate to it. It is the ultimate evidence of the marshmallow mind, for it betrays not only confusion in kinds, not only a disorder in standards, but a dreadful indifference to both. The differences of kind and order are amid the whole vocabulary of value pulped into one undistinguishable stuff. Thus the training of athletes is talked of as though it were an exercise in the spiritual life, the difficulties of racing drivers as seriously as the problems of scientists, the perplexities of actors, interior decorators and dress designers as though they were serious and moving concerns. We hear of the Dostoevsky of the hem-line and the Pascal of the half-petticoat. Here is an example from a respected London weekly:

> An aura of mystery envelops the artists at this time of gestation. . . . His [Balenciaga's] work is based on eternal rules; even his fantasy is built on the classic . . . by his elusiveness he is vouchsafed an atmosphere of mystery. . . . Here is a man of such deep intensity of feeling that suffering is something he cannot escape. . . .

And if we regret this, it is not from any dated notions of correctness or from any aspirations after

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*To get the measure of what is meant by the dehumanization of language, it might be a good thing to contrast this, as was suggested by Professor John Pilley of the University of Edinburgh, with these lines of Wordsworth which deal apparently with the same "subject":

> . . . blest the Babe,
> Nurs'd in his Mother's arms, the Babe who sleeps
> Upon his Mother's breast, who, when his soul
> Claims manifest kindred with an earthly soul,
> Doth gather passion from his Mother's eye. . . .

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elegance. It is because language is the supremely humanizing influence. Through it there is instituted in man a second and better nature. Language is the means by which the setting of the human being is immensely enlarged and the context of his action made immeasurably more complex. Through language the biological unit becomes the historic person. The sentence patterns we use, the idioms, the words and the images, and the categories of thinking, feeling and valuing which they imply come to us ripened by time and enriched by the insight, imagination and effort of many generations. Through language we receive not just the education provided by our teachers and our own lives but that offered by history and "the tongues of the dead."

Wherever, therefore, there occurs any degeneration in language, there is a distraction of human capacity and a contraction of human possibility. The essential agency of civilization is mutilated in its sources.

IF THE STATE of language is the most delicately exact index of the health of our civilization, then in any effort towards recovery we must turn to where language is used most powerfully, subtly and inclusively: we must turn to literature. No source of wisdom could be more appropriate for the Americans and the British, since their literatures are the supreme human achievements of both nations. In their literature we find embodied, concretely and insistently present, not "a philosophy," not some abstract doctrine or partial metaphysic, but a rich complex of "beliefs," "the picked experience of the finest minds," the great writer's intricate apprehension of reality—"the idea," as Henry James said, "which deeply lurks in any vision prompted by life." We have no right to suppose, however, that there can be in any age more than a minority capable of responding in any degree adequately to literature. But it is about this minority that we have to be most particularly concerned; and not primarily for their sake, but for the sanity and health of the whole. We have to resurrect and realize the conception

of a "learned class" as an essential element in a civilized society.

> A learned order, a national clerisy [said Coleridge] is an essential element of a rightly constituted nation, without which it lacks the best security alike for its permanence and its progress. . . . The clerisy of a nation, that is its learned men, whether poets, philosophers or scholars, are the points of relative rest: there could be no order or harmony of the whole without them. . . . The objects and final intention of the order are these—to preserve the stores and guard the treasures of past culture, and thus to bind the present with the past; to perfect and add to the same, and thus to connect the present with the future.

The one modern institution capable of producing an intellectual elite—not a clique—is the University. In spite of Coleridge's dismissal of it as "a lecture-bazaar absurdly called a university," it is one of the few of the traditional organs of consciousness remaining in the modern world.

WITHIN the University there is one discipline peculiarly concerned to encourage a finer awareness of the tradition, a discipline which engages with the living, growing tissue of the tradition where it is most vividly and insistently present. This is the critical study of the tradition alive in literature, "the most intimate kind of study, that is of a concrete tradition." Proposals are sometimes made in university circles suggesting that our disunity could be assuaged by the provision of "general" courses designed to impart a number of agreed opinions, or even an agreed number of opinions. But the critical study of literature is neither an ideological crusade nor a plan to enlarge a common stock of reference. Its purpose is to train a certain kind of mind, and through a community of such minds to establish a center of intelligence and communication.

IN AN AGE of illiberal technicians and technical humanists, we have to develop a central intelligence to train the accomplished non-specialist mind. For two reasons, literary criticism is eminently qualified to be the discipline by which this mind is perfected. It is of course an integral study, informed by its own ends, possessed of its own methods, expressed in its own idiom. But the complexity of its undertaking is such that it is bound to take a ranging view of its function and to reject any rigid limitation of its sphere of interest. It is impelled at all times to go beyond its own frontiers into the provinces of other disciplines. The other characteristic of literary criticism which fits it so admirably to be the appropriate discipline for educating the free intelligence is that the powers it appeals to, the capacities it exercises, are those deeply involved in the serious conduct of life. Penetration of mind, tact of address, subtlety of response, concern to refer to a mature standard, deliberation in judgment and responsibility in decision—these are the qualities essential in literary criticism as they are those most required in the important commitments and refusals, elections and acceptances of humane living. "The more advanced the work," writes F. R. Leavis with relation to the literary critical student, "the more unmistakable is the judgment that is concerned inseparable from that profound sense of relative value which determines, or should determine, the important choices of actual life." And bringing the whole argument to its climax, he concludes: "It is an intelligence so trained that is best fitted to develop into the central kind of mind, the co-ordinating consciousness, capable of performing the functions assigned to the class of the educated."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Policy That Failed

DREAM AND REALITY. By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Bros. 327 pp. $5.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By C. L. Sulzberger. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 255pp. $4.50.

THE TRAGEDY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. By William Appleman Williams. World Publishing Co. 219 pp. $4.75.

William Clark

FOR SOME time past we Europeans have been aware that behind all the brave reiterations of American foreign policy, a painful reappraisal has been taking place—at least outside the Administration. Here are three books on American policy which agree on one point—it has failed.

What has gone wrong? Very simply, the policy of negotiation from strength (which was proclaimed by a Democratic administration and supported by a Labor government in Britain and has been continued by Republicans and Conservatives) has lost its meaning since sputnik showed that Russia had caught up with America in military technology. By the Red rocket's glare we could see that our policy was still there—but in ruins.

These books are a post-mortem on that policy, and perhaps go rather too far in condemning the whole basis of the Acheson-Bevin line. Living on the side of the Atlantic nearer to Russia during the postwar years, we were very glad to see American troops returning to Europe, and to find that America took up the Russian challenge at the time of the blockade of Berlin (1948 version). If America had not been strong then, and prepared to use her strength, the Free World might be a smaller and more fearful place than it is today.

This is a point that Mr. Halle has grasped, and his *Dream and Reality* is rather surprisingly a success story about American Foreign Policy with its climax in 1947-48. He traces the history of American policy up through the two world wars and their immediate aftermath, showing how it had failed to deal with the "real world" of power politics, by retreating into a dream world of high principles.

The "Truman Doctrine" and the decision to take over some of Britain's power responsibilities in Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean mark the end of that era. Mr. Halle concludes on a heartening note:

> In 1947, then, the United States finally adopted a new policy to meet the dire necessities of the twentieth century. That new policy was to assume leadership in organizing and directing the power of the free world so as to balance, and thereby to check, the expanding power of the Soviet Union. What this new policy will bring forth in the long future I don't know. Initially, it led to successes of a magnitude which, being so close to these matters as we are, we have hardly appreciated.

But in his final chapter Mr. Halle has to admit that, having decided to mix herself up in the Big World, America today finds herself without a world policy. There is no leadership, he complains, only followership.

The real complaint against American policy that runs through all these books is that since the war America has adopted a single, unchanging attitude toward all the extraordinarily varied political phenomena of the period. That attitude, borrowed from the war period, is one of hatred for the enemy. The only question has been to identify the enemy; once that is done Congress and public opinion—without any leadership, indeed without any new thought—react in the way that has become conventional whether the enemy is labeled Hitler, Stalin, Mao or Khrushchev.

The blame for this failure to adapt to new situations is generally laid on Congress, which will only react, it is said, to the banging of the patriotic drum. To someone outside America this is very odd. Why should a people so intelligent and thoughtful as the Americans place their political power in such feeble hands?

Perhaps the answer is that Congress is too much blamed for doing its constitutional job of criticizing the Executive, and perhaps the present Administration is too much blamed for the doldrums into which American foreign policy has drifted. On the whole, countries get the Government that their Opposition deserves, and what is most striking about the American scene, as it appears from abroad, is the lack of constructive proposals for an alternative foreign policy by the present Opposition leaders.

IT IS interesting to note that the criticisms of American policy offered in Europe are the same as these put forward by these three American commentators. They all center on the fact that it is far too negative, and seemingly directed only against the menace of international communism. The immense generosity of American aid, therefore, is always tarnished by the breath of the cold war.

Mr. Sulzberger, who gives a fascinating personal account of the detailed workings out of American policy in various parts of the world, fundamentally seems to accept the official view that the object of American policy is to win the struggle with "Sino-Soviet Imperialism." What he wants is an "armistice," so that America can regroup its forces and reconsider its tactics. The criticisms he makes, therefore, are mostly criticisms of tactics rather than a re-examination of strategy. He pleads for a more effective execution of the existing directives.

But he does observe that America has no policy at all for Afro-Asia, where communism will offer rising standards of life more speedily than present-day capitalism. This is all discussed quietly and calmly in a chapter entitled "Some Weaknesses of Approach."

Surely it is far more serious than that. If in fact America, as the leader of the West, has no policy for dealing with the real revolution of our time—that in the underdeveloped countries — then the West is doomed to become an isolated club of wealthy white members in a world which will not long tolerate its exclusiveness, its patronage, or its wealth.

It is here that the constructive criticism of American policy is most needed. In the dozen years after the war American power stopped Russian power from expanding universally—with all the errors that has been a great achievement. But now a wholly new direction of policy is needed. As Mr. Williams puts it,

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we need "to admit that Russia is an equal even though it is a rival and proceed to work out a program for living with it in a world that America no longer dominates." Working out that program is the great task before America and the West in the second half of the twentieth century.

This is not the first time that Americans have had to compromise with a system they dislike and live in a world with a rival nation. It happened before with the British system of monarchical imperialism against which the United States had fought. In 1812 it looked as though the two systems might be in permanent conflict, but fortunately both nations turned their attention to more profitable enterprises than war—economic development.

The analogy should not be pressed too far—there is no guarantee that Khrushchev's Russia will liberalize as fast as George III's Britain, though it is not hopeless—but the basic fact remains that once again the task before America has changed from winning political freedom to helping economic growth. This time the economic development needs to be carried out overseas and not across the continent.

There is very little doubt that America will in fact devote an increasing amount of her resources to aid for underdeveloped countries; but the crucial decision, which must be taken very shortly, is how this program is to be carried out. Is it to be part of the cold war and designed to maintain anti-Communist regimes? Or is it to be part of the obligation which the rich should feel towards the poorer parts of *their own community?* In other words, will America grasp the fact that a world community is coming into being, in which mutual obligations are felt between nations, as they are now between groups within a nation?

At present it appears, to an outsider, that American official policy is still to carry on aid on a cold-war basis—it is the easiest way to get it past Congress (if that appearance is false, please take it up with those responsible for American representation abroad). Yet it is the unanimous view of these writers (and many others) that all aid thus given fails both politically and economically.

What is needed is a complete change of approach in American policy, away from the quarter century of hate towards a new era of cooperation. Mr. Williams in his final chapter summarizes the new policy that is needed, and stresses the practical point that the new type of aid must be given through and administered by, United Nations agencies so as to free it of the taint of the cold war.

America's allies must finally ask themselves what chance there is of this new positive and hopeful policy being adopted. They have no reason to be downcast; generous idealism is part of the American tradition. But the change will not come of itself; someone must give America a new lead. As the United States enters the long labor of an election, that is the question which we shall be asking on this side of the Atlantic. The White House is the natural seat of leadership for the whole West; will it soon be filled by someone who can be the leader of the West and of the world?

Now Eisenhower is off to Europe as a prelude to his exchange of visits with Khrushchev. Is this the first fruits of the reappraisal? Could Eisenhower in his last eighteen months in the White House become the leader we thought we had lost?

Beatniks Then and Now

THE IMPROPER BOHEMIANS. By Allen Churchill. E. P. Dutton & Co. 349 pp. $5.

THE HOLY BARBARIANS. By Lawrence Lipton. Julian Messner, Inc. 318 pp. $5.

Gene Baro

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was a Greenwich Villager, I used to meet beatniks at bars like the San Remo, Goody's and the White Horse. Of course, there were no official beatniks then; Kerouac and Ginsberg were safely at Columbia University. The men and women I met and listened to were mere dissidents, argumentative but ignorant leftists with artistic leanings, sexual drifters, misfits trying to make a personal destiny out of general ideas. I suppose if I had been sitting in Village bars twenty years earlier I would have met the young woman, documented by Allen Churchill, whose contribution to civilization was to give herself freely to any man who asked her. And perhaps I would have met Elsa von Loringhoven wearing a coal scuttle for a hat.

The fact is, Mr. Lipton's encomium of today's Beat Generation and Mr. Churchill's account of the Village in the "heyday" of the twenties are books related in substance and spirit. Both volumes celebrate a knowledge presumed unavailable in Scarsdale or Oak Park. Both detail eccentric lives of nervous irascibility, poverty, sexual license and alcoholism. Both denigrate contemporary civilization and support promiscuous individual freedom at the expense of social regularity. Both praise creativeness for its own sake, without applying any sound standard to what is created.

Mr. Churchill's book is somewhat the less pretentious. There is also less in it that merits serious consideration. It is a compendium of anecdotes gathered from many sources. Not much is fresh in viewpoint or expression. Mr. Churchill writes dully: "Miss Millay, apparently so gay and carefree, was quickly hailed as a genius. Yet her life proves that even in poetry genius is in part hard labor. She was born on February 22, 1892, in Maine." The style might be called putative journalism. Here is Ferdinand Pinney Earle discovering *Renascence*: "... he grabbed the manuscript pages and read them through with rising excitement. Then he seized his pen . . ." etc.

"Artistic gypsydom, together with Left Bank atmosphere and minuscule rents" are the ingredients of Mr. Churchill's Village. "Much as John Butler Yeats had cocked an ear to hear the sound of fiddles, so restless young men and women, anxious to be indecorous, seemed to know that Greenwich Village stood ready to assume its destiny as the Left Bank of New York — or America." And there were those, too, it appears, who came out of a sense of literary history: "Still other young writers seemed to seek out the Village because Edgar Allan Poe, to whom belongs the lonesome distinction of being America's first Bohemian, lived on Carmine Street, on Greenwich Avenue, and finally on Waverly Place, in a house a few doors from where Edna St. Vincent Millay would later reside." And Mr. Churchill makes much — though at the same intellectual depth — of those who came to the Village by way of social protest or politics.

What insight develops from this book is incidental to its purpose. One comes to realize how little the Village figured as a source or center of the important American writing of the twenties. A

GENE BARO has written fiction, poetry and criticism for a number of magazines. His Northwind and Other Poems *will be published soon by Scribner's. Mr. Baro is a member of the Bennington College faculty.*

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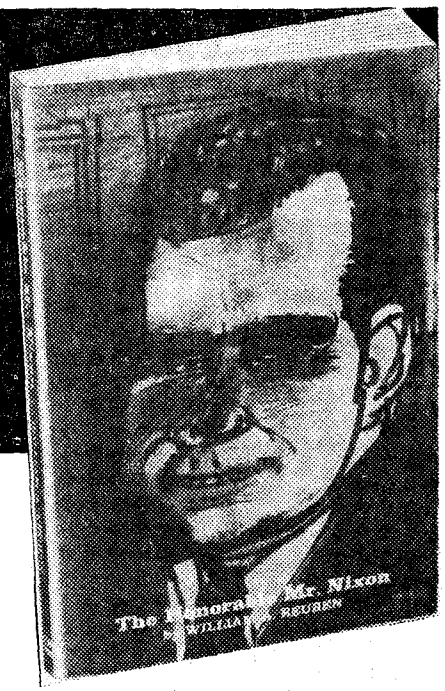

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William A. Reuben

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"heyday" there may have been, but it did not include T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Ernest Hemingway, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Carlos Williams, or William Faulkner. For that matter, it did not include, except in a technical sense, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, or Sinclair Lewis. These writers owed little or nothing to the Village. Even Eugene O'Neill's debt is hardly a spiritual one. What literature the Village produced was largely second-rate.

The visual arts are another matter. The modern movement has been more closely connected with the life of the Village but, even here, the peculiar importance of the Village as milieu is exaggerated or distorted. In fact, the essential vigor of the Village has been, and is, intellectual rather than creative. Its role has been the exchange and consumption of culture rather than the creation of it. Book-and-print shops, little magazines, outdoor art shows and experimental theatre are among its cultural commodities. Like Paris' Left Bank or London's Chelsea, the Village is distinguished principally by a population that actively supports arts, letters and the theatre. The Village is a market place of culture, specialized and concentrated within the larger market of New York.

A "NEW" Village is discovered in Mr. Lipton's book. Venice, California, is the Village of the West, the beatnik paradise. Another vocabulary, more elaborate and ironic, celebrates virtually the same phenomena. The "square" might as well be the man from above Fourteenth Street. The Bohemian has become the Cat.

The Holy Barbarians differ from the Improper Bohemians in that their mythology is still in the making. (The Village mythology was made from politics, and nothing is staler than political attitudes a few decades old.) The beatniks are anti-political and, while their rejection of society is accomplished by traditional means—by sex, drinks, drugs and the arts of self-expression—the rationale of their behavior is exotic and sophisticated, a matter of mysticism, philosophical solipsism and natural religion. The beatnik apologists have raided all cultures for tags in support of not very precise attitudes; sensations, after all, are hard to intellectualize, especially as sensations are The Thing. The beatniks talk too much to be Zen philosophers. Their failure to find a vocabulary reasonably sufficient to their states of being has given so

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much beatnik literature its rather wordy, scrambled, egghead character. Whether beatnik literature can ever be more than Village second-rate depends really upon how coherent a view of the world it can give and how it overcomes its ignorance of tradition and discovers a connection with the literary past. As it is, writers like Kerouac make mistakes as if they were discoveries.

Mr. Lipton's book is of great interest as a social document. It has a preciosity of tone difficult to improve. When Mr. Lipton speaks of Hollywood writers coming to refresh their souls in contact with the "creative energy of dedicated artists," he is referring, not to Picasso or Braque, to Mauriac or Hesse, but to the writers and artists of Venice, California. "Newsmen and radio people on the prowl for 'experience,' or just plain hungry for a taste of intellectual honesty and artistic integrity" go likewise to the pundits of Venice, California, and not, say, to C. G. Jung or Eleanor Roosevelt or Pablo Casals or Margaret Mead or Jonas Salk or to any of a thousand other men and women working to bring mankind into a viable relationship with the future.

Doubt as Corollary to Faith

THEOLOGY OF CULTURE. By Paul Tillich. Edited by Robert C. Kimball. Oxford University Press. 213 pp. $4.

Gabriel Vahanian

THERE IS evidence to show that religion in the last decade has again become fashionable, and not only on the popular level. Indeed, colleges that once offered no courses in religion now do so, and many established departments of religion have been hiring additional staff. Tillich's latest book serves as a witness to this more serious religious renascence and gives the core of his religious thought.

In fact, Paul Tillich is a theologian (Reinhold Niebuhr is another) who can address S.R.O. campus audiences. Now a university professor at Harvard, he spends almost as much time on the road as he does on his teaching duties. There is something electric about the man which, no matter how difficult or obscure his statements, magnetizes even the least intellectually-minded students. They return from his lectures with a feeling approaching awe and wonderment, although they do not always understand what he has been talking about. To be sure, this does not mean that his intellectual influence on students is universal; in fact, it may be more limited than surface appearances would have it. On the other hand, there is no doubt that from his lectures religion gains a higher academic status.

How to explain all this is not altogether easy. The traditional answers do not help very much, either. They tend to relate the resurgence of religion to the various human experiences during the war, or to the sense of the futility or absurdity of life which a war and similar cataclysms bring about. But this can hardly serve as a clue to the attitude of the present generation of students. They did not experience the war; quite seriously, they do not know what tragedy is. And for the most part, Tillich's utterances can be understood most readily in the context of tragedy, or from the perspective of a tragic sense of life. Of course, it is true also that the weight of present world tensions is felt by the students as well as by those who lived through the last war. The possible imminence of catastrophe spares no one who is mature enough to appreciate it. In such a context, life easily appears meaningless. And this, precisely, is one of the motifs of Paul Tillich — namely, and at the cost of putting it paradoxically, the meaning possibly yielded even by a meaningless life.

Naturally, there is something irrational here. Yet it may be that this approach is the only one that fits with the image of a world at the mercy of international deceit and ideological colonialism. Tillich analyzes apparent meaninglessness and attempts to give it a structure which points to the possibility of transcending it. In fact, one might say that this meaninglessness is as necessary to life as meaning itself. The latter does not cancel the former. And if that be so, we are forced to realize that political nihilism or pessimism about life do not constitute valid alternatives to the dignity of man, in spite of the fact that the world offers us few if any promises of harmonious possibilities by which to regulate one's life.

To go back to Tillich's fame among students, one must acknowledge that, to some extent, the factors at work

GABRIEL VAHANIAN teaches at Syracuse University. His field is religion, culture and art.

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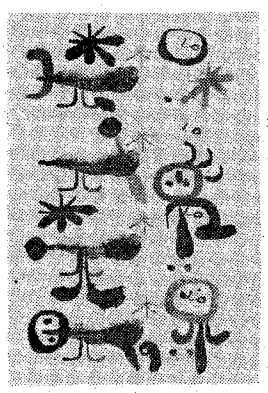

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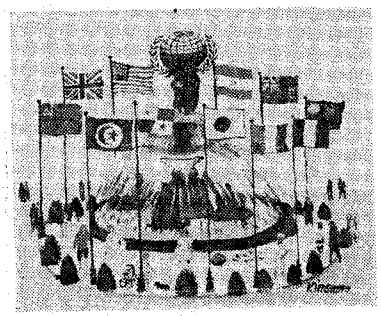

in the spread and appeal of popular religion are present also in the response he gets from these somewhat more sophisticated listeners. The differences do not obscure the fact that their respective motivations offer similarities. In general, however, mass religiosity suffers decisively from overemphasis on pragmatism, on how to achieve this or that with the least amount of pain. The defect here is inescapable — such a stress is less religious than it seems at first, because at bottom it thrives more on spiritual gadgets than on the spirituality of religion. And the God whom these gadgets are supposed to bring near is actually removed further and further from the alleged worshipper. Not infrequently, gadgets are relied upon as if God did not exist at all. Thus, interestingly enough, the recent revival of religion has been serving to remove God from the concrete scene of human activities. In the end, the revival of religion becomes a negation of religion.

NOW it is significant that Tillich on one occasion, when addressing the massed student body of an Eastern university, conceded that the popular revival could not by any means be all bad. He thought that behind the diffuseness of mass religiosity there remained nevertheless a valid concern indicative of genuine religion. This is not to suggest that Tillich is a glorified evangelist. What he says is not readily intelligible to the sophomore. But his theology, as evidenced by this volume, presents the traditional doctrines in a way more compatible with the relativism, even the agnosticism or secularism, of the contemporary mind — and those are aspects of that mind which popular religion also deals with in its own way. For example, Tillich's concept of the God beyond our conceptions of God implies the irrelevance of any old-fashioned certitude about the nature of God, and makes room for doubt as a constructive corollary to faith. The ambiguities of religion thus become as much apparent as what Tillich calls the "ultimate concern" with which religion deals and which is its very essence.

There is a reason for these ambiguities. It lies partly in the fact that religion is also a cultural phenomenon. The truth, of which religion is a witness, can therefore be stated only in terms emanating from, and accessible to, the ambient culture. Moreover, "religion is the substance of culture, and culture is the form of religion." Religion permeates every cultural expression of man, as culture permeates every religious expression of man. That is why the essence of man's ultimate concern, namely God (or, to use Tillich's words, the "Ground of Being," "Being-Itself"), is immanent in, though he transcends, everything that is. Estrangement, alienation and anxiety, or, more traditionally, sinfulness, are seen in the context of God's distance from man, while self-acceptance, the "courage to be" or, more traditionally again, salvation, are conceived in the light of God as the Ground of every being. Tillich's emphasis on the necessary alliance between religion and culture prevents religion from being parochial, or provincial, or even too religious in a narrow sense. Religion belongs everywhere, in the art gallery and at the cocktail party as well as in the church. And, in a way, for the same reason, ultimately it belongs to none of these.

Until Tillich, practically no theologian had so dynamically analyzed the relationship between religion and culture within such a mutually pregnant framework. The religious people would shy away from a culture they indignantly termed secular; and the cultured secularists would reject religion as a ridiculous atavism. By contrast, Tillich's aim is to reconcile — though not to accommodate — religion and secular culture.

THE BOOK shows its significance in still another respect that points to Tillich's importance in contemporary religious thought. Perhaps this corresponds merely to a subjective impression of this reviewer. However, in the essay comparing Europe (mainly Germany) and America, Tillich describes how his new environment in this country and his deepening acquaintance with the American mind gradually helped him to get rid of his intellectual provincialism. He confesses that when in 1933 he left Germany to come to the Union Theological Seminary in New York he wrote to a friend: "There is everywhere in the world sky, air, and ocean." He did not write: "'I can continue everywhere my theological and philosophical work,' because unconsciously I doubted whether one could do this anywhere except in Germany." Later on, as his mind became more and more receptive to the culture of this country, he was to overcome this doubt. What this means is not that the intellectual hegemony of Europe is now dismantled or replaced by an American one. The point is not that there is any decline in the intellectual achievements of Western Europe, but that these no longer dominate the cultural scene everywhere:

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they are no longer "looked up to." In a world which has shrunk and should therefore resist all forms of provincialism, religious, cultural and political, Tillich's best "American" book is a living witness to the dignity of man. It is testimony to man's invincible spirit whether it realizes itself in the higher, or hesitates through the lower, forms of religion.

Forged or True?

THE BLACK DIARIES OF ROGER CASEMENT. By Peter Singleton-Gates and Maurice Girodias. Grove Press. 536 pp. $7.50.

Donat O'Donnell

THIS large and lavishly illustrated book contains, in addition to the title material, a short journalistic history of Ireland, a similar account of colonialism in Africa and copies of Casement's long-available and long-forgotten reports on the Congo and the Putumayo. The only parts of the book which are likely to interest a reader today are the so-called "Black Diaries" themselves. These reproduce typescripts obtained by Mr. Singleton-Gates in 1922 and alleged to be copies of diaries of the late Sir Roger Casement for the year 1903, while he was a British Consul in the Congo Free State; and for 1910, when he was British Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro and a member of a commission engaged in investigating conditions in the Putumayo rubber plantations.

Both these diaries, especially the second, contain accounts of pederastic experiences. The typescripts were presented to Mr. Gates in 1922 by "a person of some authority in London" as "a kind gesture to a journalist and writer." Mr. Gates adds: "I was informed, and I saw no reason to doubt my informant, that the typescripts were true copies of the diaries found in Sir Roger Casement's lodgings in Ebury Street some time before his arrest on Good Friday in 1916, and that the same typescripts were identical with those circulated in London and Washington after Casement's trial and condemnation, in an effort to discourage efforts for his reprieve."

Casement was sentenced to death in 1916 for the part he had taken in trying to obtain help from Germany for the Irish Rising. Many people in England and America signed petitions for a repeal — mainly on the ground of his humanitarian services in South America and on the Congo — and the British Government of 1916 made use of the obscene passages in the alleged diaries by showing them to influential people in order to destroy sympathy for Casement and thereby mitigate the adverse propaganda effect of his execution. It is an interesting comment on the psychology of the time that this device worked quite well and that many respectable and humane people withdrew their signatures to the petition — presumably on the ground that homosexuals deserve to be hanged for treason.

In Ireland, and much more recently in England, the authenticity of the diaries was called into question. A book called *The Forged Casement Diaries* by a Dr. Moloney induced Yeats to appeal to Alfred Noyes—who had helped to pass the documents around in America —to recant.

And Noyes, many years later, did speak his bit in public, in a book called *The Accusing Ghost*, in which he declared himself convinced that the obscene passages in the diaries, at least, were not by Casement. A heated controversy in the English and Irish papers followed, but was necessarily inconclusive because hardly any of the participants had even seen, and none had studied, the original documents.

The British Home Office refused to release these on the rather Pecksniffian ground that they did not wish to blacken Casement's memory. The effect of this was really to leave the "forged diary" theorists party in possession of the field. They could argue that the official who interrogated Casement and "discovered" the diaries — Sir Basil Thomson, Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard—has left five materially different accounts of the circumstances, including dates, in which the documents were discovered. They also were struck by the coincidence that, while several Casement diaries and notebooks exist, the only extant Casement diaries containing obscene material should be precisely those in the possession of the Home Office: if they were authentic, why were they not produced?

This phase of the controversy was ended in July when Mr. R. A. Butler, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, stated in the Commons that he would place the diaries in the Public Record Office where they would be available for inspection by trained historians and other responsible persons competent to express an opinion on their authenticity. He added that he had had them examined by a leading handwriting expert who believed them to be genuine. While this brings the whole controversy down from a largely speculative to a more pragmatic plane, it is hardly likely that the authenticity of the disputed passages can ever be determined beyond doubt. Indeed, a Dublin handwriting expert has since examined the documents and declared the passages to be forgeries.

Mr. Butler's action in handing the documents over to the Public Record Office is a welcome one, in keeping with his reputation as a sensible and liberal

DONAT O'DONNELL is the nom de plume *of an Irish diplomat whose essays appear frequently in the literary journals.*

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man. It would have been even more in keeping with that reputation if he had found it in himself to express some regret for the use which a previous British government made of the documents in 1916. Mr. Butler obviously believes the documents to be genuine. Even if they are genuine, however, the use made of them remains shameful, by what are generally believed to be Mr. Butler's standards.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Darwin Centennial

BY 1837, twenty-two years before *The Origin of Species,* Darwin had formulated a pattern for his "speculations" on the variability of species. *The Autobiography of Charles Darwin and Selected Letters* edited by his son Francis (Dover, $1.65) reflects Darwin's perfectionism and irenic temper and explains his long preparations, which almost allowed A. R. Wallace to anticipate him. This gentle man's impact on his times becomes freshly clear in the story of Thomas Henry Huxley's brilliant rejoinder when Bishop Wilberforce attacked Darwin at Oxford in 1860. In 1863, eight years ahead of *The Descent of Man,* Huxley's gripping statement of *Man's Place in Nature* (Ann Arbor, $1.75) established him as the popularizer of Darwinism.

Time's Arrow and Evolution (1951, 1955) by Harold F. Blum (Princeton, $1.75) explains biological evolution in a context of the physical sciences, especially the second law of thermodynamics, thus supplementing modern Darwinism without denying the intervention of natural selection. Difficult for general readers, but manageable and absorbing.

The Mentality of Apes by Wolfgang Kohler (Vintage, $1.25). A classic of comparative psychology.

American Scene

The Heart of Emerson's Journals (Dover, $1.85). Bliss Perry's brilliantly edited selection.

Creoles and Cajuns by George W. Cable, Arlin Turner, editor (Anchor, $1.45). Substantial commentaries, careful texts of *Old Creole Days* and seven additional stories, two never before collected.

Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow by Jesse Stuart (Everyman, $1.65) returns to chasten critics who thought it fresh and sensitive as well as long. Omits eighty near-sonnets and revises others.

The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce (Dover, $1). The caustic newsman's still biting epigrams, 1881-1906.

McSorley's Wonderful Saloon by Joseph Mitchell (Universal, $1.25). Gently comic records of lower East Side New York.

Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa by George W. Peck (Dover, $1.35). Best prank book of the eighties, a period piece with some surviving wit.

Letters

New World Writing (Mentor, 75c), with Number 15, featuring work from Ghana and Iceland, suspends a distinguished adventure into adapting the little magazine to mass circulation.

Great Stories by Nobel Prize Winners, Leo Hamalian and Edmond L. Volpe, editors (Noonday, $1.95; cloth, $5). Twenty-six stories, not the preferred medium of several of the writers, but an interesting reflection of ideas, tastes and techniques; Björnsen through Pasternak.

A Nonsense Anthology, Carolyn Wells, editor (Dover, $1.25). Varied whimsy and wit in verse abridged to 300 pages plus indexes.

Nikolai Gogol by Vladimir Nabokov (New Directions, $1.25) interprets Gogol as a probing universal satirist rather than a Russian Dickens.

Miscellaneous

The Moral Decision by Edmond Cahn (Midland, $1.75) takes adjudicated cases, examines the conflict of opinions and the reasons given to support them and throws much light on the varied strands of prejudice and enlightenment that occur in the legal disposition of ethical questions. Fruitfully indicates how much remains to be done in making law a sensitive and articulate vehicle of moral values.

A Way of Life and Other Selected Writings by Sir William Osler (Dover, $1.50). Brilliant union of science, medical arts and the humanities on ideas and men, including Servetus, Browne and Burton.

The Arabs: A Short History by Philip K. Hitti (Gateway, 95c). A standard study, very sketchy in dealing with modern times.

With Napoleon in Russia by Armand de Caulaincourt (Universal, $1.65). A painfully vivid first-hand story of the march to Moscow and the return flight.

Journey for Our Time, the 1839 Russian journals of the Marquis de Custine, Phyllis P. Kohler, editor (Gateway, $1.25), pictures government policies, customs and character types which General Walter Bedell Smith's introduction describes as still typical.

Kathleen Ferrier, her life by Winifred Ferrier and a memoir by Neville Cardus (Penguin, $1.25), with forty half-tones and records list. Intimate accounts of the great and courageous singer.

Love Against Hate by Karl Menninger (Harvest, $1.95). Non-technical statement of the notable psychiatrist's view of the basic emotional conflicts at mid-century.

Late Holiday Miscellany

Drama: *Nine Plays* by Anton Chekov (Universal, 95c). *Five Plays* (second group) by Jean Anouilh (Hill and Wang, $1.75). *Henrik Ibsen: The Last Plays* (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *Four Verse Plays* by Maxwell Anderson (Harvest, $2.25). *The Comedies of Oscar Wilde* (Universal, 95c).

Fiction: *Vandover and the Brute* by Frank Norris (Evergreen, $2.45; cloth, $4.75). *The Violated* by Vance Bourjaily (Bantam, 50c). *Two Women* by Alberto Moravia (Signet, 50c). *Among Women Only* by Cesare Pavese (Noonday, $1.25). *The Financial Expert* by R. K. Narayan (Noonday, $1.25). *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion* by Nikos Kazantzakis (Simon and Schuster, $1.75, $1.95). *The House of the Dead* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky (Dell, 50c). *And Quiet Flows the Don* by Mikhail Sholokhov (Signet, 75c).

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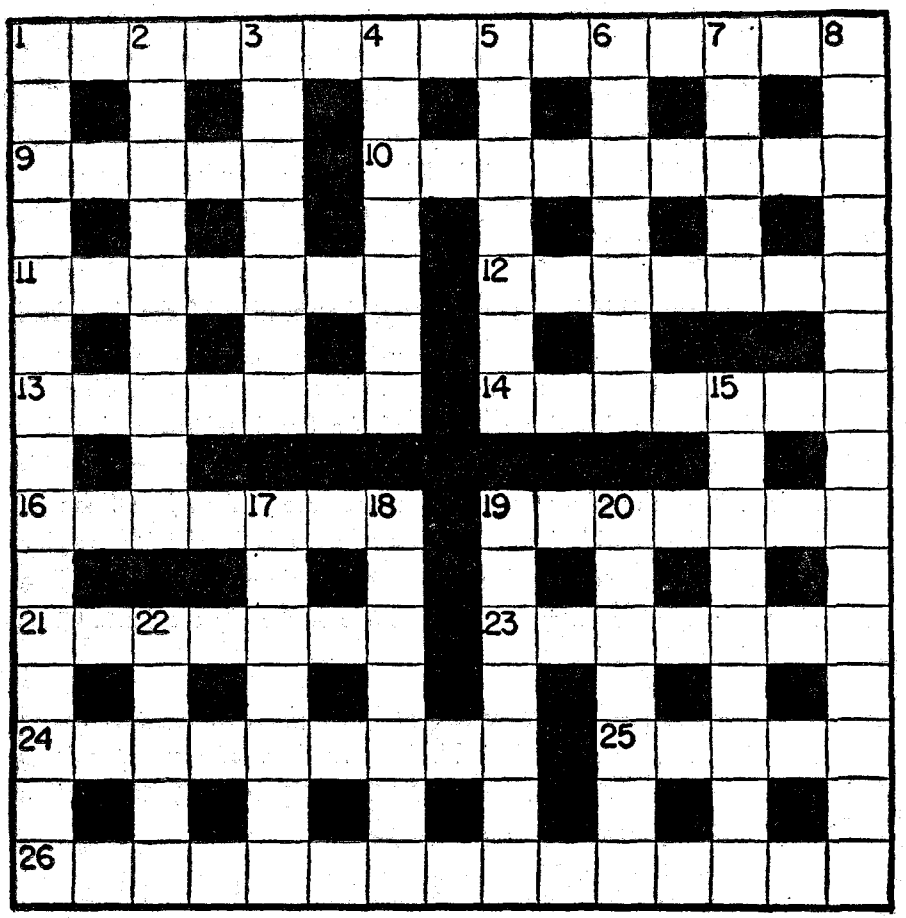
Crossword Puzzle No. 832

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One might plan a complete course around such things. (15)
9 Thin case, without the members of the ruling family. (5)
10 Back in the game, perhaps, with the approved part. (5, 4)
11 Falls in the triple-A ring? (7)
12 The particular thing a girl puts together? (7)
13 Cries for sweet potato makers? (7)
14 "The ——, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact": (M-N.D.) (7)
16 If grass, 17 was broken for him. (7)
19 Uncle gets the old town in good shape finally, as part of the gentry. (7)
21 A house may have this look without raising an ardent racket! (5, 2)
23 This could lead to a drain. (7)
24 Grease standards applied to canvas? (3, 6)
25 A sticky cake would be more than wrong. (5)
26 Louis Armstrong's with a message? (Sounds far-reaching!) (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 Stacks flounders? (One may not be exactly swift, but close to it!) (7, 8)
2 I'm cleared, but not specifically asked for a second time! (9)
3 Not the depressed condition of Albany. (7)
4 William in England and Thomas in America? (7)
5 Receive something in meat — like beans, for example. (7)
6 Retting was instrumental in the old days. (7)
7 A thicket used to stop things. (5)
8 At least it should give one a choice. (15)
15 Almost complete fish support for the air lift. (9)
17 We would shut up, if in such a state! (7)
18 Hurried with an incredulous expression where the baritone's paddles started. (7)
19 The gentleman of 19 across has nothing ready for the chief. (7)
20 The god of 19 down. (7)
22 London tube? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 831

ACROSS: 8 Diversification; 9 Canary; 10 Elective; 11 Avid; 13 Inconstant; 15 Instant; 16 Aseptic; 19 Balderdash; 21 Dint; 22 Recouped; 24 Levels; 26 Supernaturalism. DOWN: 1 Disadvantageous; 2 Vera; 3 Assyrian; 4 Offence; 5 Screen; 6 Stet; 7 Conventionalist; 12 Dated; 14 Typed; 17 Scholars; 18 Bandits; 20 Repent; 23 Omen; 25 Vale.

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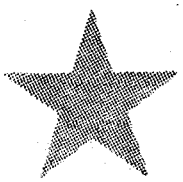

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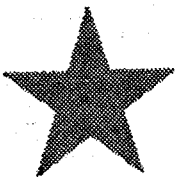

A little more than a month ago, journalist Albert M. Colegrove wrote a series of articles on South Vietnam for the New York *World-Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers. The first article, which bore the date July 20, 1959, began as follows: "The American aid program in little Vietnam is an outrageous scandal. The true story of this footless fiasco has been hidden from the American public."

It was not hidden, though, from that section of the American public which reads *The Nation.** In our issue dated May 31, 1958—fourteen months before Mr. Colegrove's series appeared—Bernard B. Fall wrote a lengthy analysis of the South Vietnam situation which may be summarized in the following direct quotes from his article: "In spite of a most generous measure of American financial help . . . the South Vietnamese Government is faced with growing insecurity in the countryside and an economic crisis. . . . American aid to the small country has become one of the biggest Santa Claus operations of all time."

**Perhaps Mr. Colegrove cannot be considered altogether wrong on this point. Certainly* The Nation's *readers, who so often learn the truth about things months ahead of anyone else, constitute a very special part of the American public.*

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